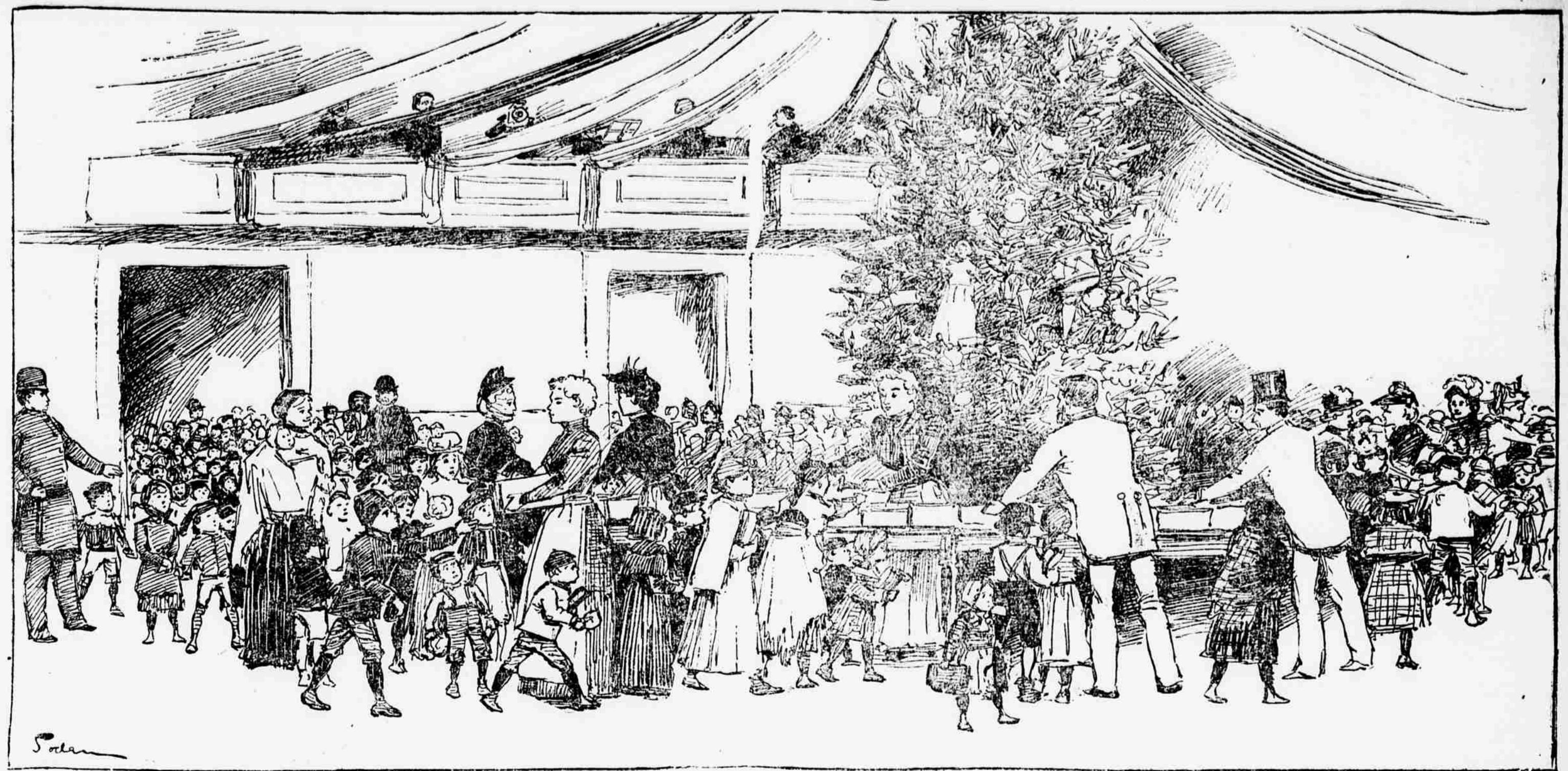


At Clarendon Hall---One of "The Evening World's" Six Christmas Trees

*Soden*

HEARTS FILLED.

More Than 35,000 Children Made Happy Through "The Evening World."

Grand Success of the Santa Claus Fund for the Poor.

Noble Men and Women Who Aided in the Good Work.

This is the day for rest and reflection. The excitement and work of preparation for the great children's fest day are over and the world is now fit subject for review.

The number of people who are wealthy enough that they have but to think over and select appropriate gifts for those they love is very small compared to the thousands who must annually at Christmas time think not only of something appropriate and pleasing for gifts, but of something that will come within their means.

It is a work of real love, and therefore it is a dear pleasure, though too often there is mingled with it the sadness which comes of the inability of the giver to give what he would like to give.

For weeks loving hearts have been seeking the things for gifts which would express their kindly thoughts to the recipients, their holiday spirit, and at the same time come within their financial ability.

Fresh from one of THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas parties yesterday, the writer rode up to his home on the front platform of a street car with the driver for a companion.

A blue-faced driver, he with frosty beard and eyebrows. A muffled-up driver with a big, heavy overcoat and thick mittens on. The big coat was patched with pieces of varied trousse, and one patch that must have once been part of a horse blanket.

The mittens were darned and patched, and the woollen cap, tied down with a faded scarf over the ears, had done duty many winters.

He was one of the kind of drivers who might be twenty-five or sixty-five years old, according to how you looked at him, but he was chock-full of the Christmas spirit. He shouted "Merry Christmas!" to every other driver, laughed at the boys parading with horns and drums on the sidewalk, and reined in his horses with a cheery shout to take up passengers.

He talked hilariously about his little ones at home, and how they'd got him out of bed at 4 in the morning to see the gincracks that St. Nick had left them over night, though he hadn't got in from Wednesday's work till after midnight.

Presently a little man with a puffed-out cheek, a small, glittering, wicked eye and a full beard of stiff, brownish-gray hair, clambered upon his platform.

The little man was dressed in a brand-new suit of clothes and a new derby hat and smoked a prodigious big cigar. It was one of those giant cigars that dealers give away to their customers on Christmas Day.

"Merry Christmas, Herr Johnson Molt!" the reporter shouted to the little man, for it was the angry Anarchist himself, and the Christmas cigar had suggested the greeting.

"Well! Bush! returned the apostle of Iniquity and content, which means the same as unadorned.

"Bush! the tools of the world make me tired!" said Herr Molt, holding the big cigar between warmly gloved fingers, and turning the glittering eyes upon the reporter with an expression of such as if he would like to set off a bomb under Christmas.

"Tools! All tools. What is Christmas? It means nothing. The rich who can buy all that need want no presents, and the poor that can't must go without." Yell!

"Christmas indeed! It's a day when the

rich are enured and the poor only feel their bitter poverty the more keenly.

"Christmas! It's a day when the poor man enjoys a holiday and has to pay for it."

The apostle of discontent clattered off the car after this speech and went his way over to one of those east-end beer saloons where such as he gather and grumble about the state of things and solemnly declare over their pots of beer that life isn't worth living.

press packages, packages by mail and packages delivered in person by the Little St. Nicks came to the headquarters of the hundred.

These packages contained all sorts of miscellaneous things. In one would be perhaps a new dill dressed; a bundle of patchwork, perforated board, zephyr or worsted, a tin horn, a jew's harp, articles of baby wear, paper dolls, dolls' clothing, a tiny washing board and the like.

Too much for one gift when there were so many to whom to give. A hundred such boxes a day had to be opened and the contents divided up into parcels as they would be given.

There were naked dolls, too, and the dolls' clothing must be tried on and fitted to these. There were some toys so worn out that they could not be given to any one but the garbage man, and they had to be wedged out.

This was the work that the great-hearted young Engelsmann took upon herself. She gathered about her a bevy of other beautiful women, and a visitor to the place at noon might have found them laughing, chattering young women in clusters of almost buried boxes of small packages.

A second visit at midnight would have found the same girls, their hair festooned with dust, their eyes heavy with fatigue, their movements slow and weary, but their hearts as light as ever and the mountain reduced to a neat pile of small packages.

Among the ladies who devoted themselves to this work were the Misses L. McIntosh, Mrs. E. Ivins and Robinson; Mrs. Dr. T. E. King, Mrs. John Glenelg, Mrs. Spencer T. Jackson and Mrs. Lamont.

The same leaders worked in these ruins this morning. They might have told him that Christmas was not a morning, but a glorious thing. They might have told him that Christmas was a day when love ruled the world; a day when boys and girls were kings and queens in the court of their happiness.

He would have changed his mind. He would not have repeated his sentiment that Christmas was a bumbo.

Perhaps tears might have dimmed the fire of hate in those little eyes and softened the heart that had been steeled against all those who have succeeded in earning more than their daily bread.

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carried out at this place, where the whole house was generously thrown open by Manager Hode and seats were to be had for the taking.

There gathered here children from the annexed district, Washington Heights, Manhattanville and Harlem, and they were served with the gifts provided by the readers of THE EVENING WORLD by a committee of ten young men and ten young women from the Y. M. C. A.

Capt. Westervelt and actors Dan McCarthy and Styles McFerney assisted right well, and among the ladies were the Misses Wooster, Mrs. William Chapin, Miss Condon and Mrs. Kilburn. Among the young men were Mr. Woolley, Mr. Kourne, G. G. Dave, Mr. Brasler, Fred Haupt, Harry Hard, Charles Gilbert, Robert McLean, Walter Hard, A. J. Kibbene, C. E. Berrian, J. McClintock and W. E. Tracy.

George Peckman, who has assisted Manager Wood throughout the preliminary work, was more enthusiastic in the fore than over at Pythagoras Hall, the very centre of an immense "sovereign district."

Mrs. E. W. White, Mrs. E. B. Sargent, Mrs. M. Mitchell, Miss A. Henry, Mrs. Henrietta Leonard and Mrs. Hart Jackson made the scene bright with their womanly presence, and were assisted by Charles Bowles, A. Wheeler, George Bowles and other gentlemen.

The athletes who take part in the joint games of Manhattan Athletic Club and Company A, of the Forty-seventh Regiment, will have no time to allow grass to grow under their feet on Monday, Jan. 5, when the games take place in the armory at the corner of Twenty-fourth and Bayard streets, Brooklyn, as they will have to compete with a few of the crack athletes of the Boston Athletic Association and Harvard College.

From general appearances Company F will have a walkover in the championship series of games between the companies of the Seventh Regiment. The bustling members of the company were not slow in filling up the vacancies in the company with fresh baseball players.

The Manhattan Athletic Club boys are watching the work of Joe Donoghue, on his steel runners in Europe, with great pride.

The consolidation of the National League and the Players' League clubs of New York City throws two grounds on the hands of the present management—the Polo Grounds and Brotherwood Park. As the latter is inferior in every respect, it will undoubtedly become the home of the representative club of this city. In fact, Mr. Day says that the club would use that ground, but there was scarcely any doubt as to there being a change in the name of the grounds.

This leaves the Polo Ground to be abandoned. There are just about two of three athletic clubs which are aware of this fact and some lively odding is being done to secure this most desirable property, while in due accommodations in the shape of grand stands and boxes.

These little chaps off in the aggregate, besides 25,000 children of THE EVENING WORLD's bantam, who had been neglected by Fortune and Santa Claus, received gifts of toys, needed articles of wearing apparel, candles, nuts, sweet crackers, apples, oranges and the like at the hands of the readers of THE EVENING WORLD through the chosen agent, and 25,000 humble homes in the metropolitan district were made brighter and happier through the Christmas Tree Fund.

These little chaps off in the aggregate, besides 25,000 new toys purchased with the money contributed to the fund, 2,000 pairs of new woolen stockings, 3,000 pairs of new woolen mittens, 1,000 new scarfs, 1,000 pairs of little gloves, 40,000 half-pound boxes of candy put up for the purpose, and nearly 2,000 boxes of small toys, new and second-hand, that had been sent in by Little St. Nicks and Big St. Nicks and parcelled out by the ladies under Mrs. St. John.

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